SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

J.W.ORR N.Y.

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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The Principles of Nature.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM.

To the Public:

On my recent return from an excursion into the country, I found that during my absence a decision lately pronounced by me had been seized upon as an occasion for an attack, in several quarters, on my religious belief. I was fully aware that that judgment, running counter as it would to popular sentiment, would subject my action to severe criticism, but I confess I did not anticipate that thence would flow an assault on my religious opinions. Were I a private citizen I should content myself with merely claiming the right which belongs to every one in this country, of entertaining such faith on this—the most important of all topics—as my conscience might dictate. And as it is, I might perhaps rest satisfied with challenging those who assail me to point out a single article in my creed that aims at aught else than exalted private worth and public virtue. But as the position which I occupy renders the soundness as well as the integrity of my judgment a matter of public interest, I am bound to acknowledge the right of others to question my faith, and my own obligation to defend it.

I acknowledge a still further obligation. And inasmuch as I accepted my present position under the implied understanding, at least, that I believed in the Christian religion, and would administer our civil law according to the principles of the Divine law as it had been revealed to us, on which all our institutions were based, so I am bound to certify to those who have intrusted me with the Divine attribute of administering justice among men, that my reverence for that revelation has not been shaken, nor my obedience to that moral law impaired.

I have not, however, waited for these assaults, to be impressed with these obligations, but have already so far felt them, that I have prepared to publish a volume on the subject, which, but for my other avocations, would ere this have been in the printer's hands. To that I must refer for much in elucidation and proof of my belief, which the limits of this communication will not now allow me to dwell upon, and content myself on this occasion with such general statements as may tend to give a correct idea of what it is that I believe or have done. Even this would not have been necessary, if those who assail me had but done me the justice themselves to have published any thing I have said or written on the subject. But hitherto I have been able to reach the public only through publications of very limited circulation; and the wildest and most erroneous notions have therefore been imbibed as to my belief, and the mischief has been increased by the recklessness with which erroneous statements have been fabricated by those who could not know them to be true, but who could easily have ascertained them to be false.

Thus one writer,* with a want of feeling, not perhaps surprising, speaks of my consulting my dead wife in making up my decisions. Another says, that it is "rumored" that I have consulted Spirit Manifestations in regard to my decisions. Another, that my belief is "at irreconcilable variance with all divine revelation, and is fit for no other system than devil-worship;" and still another, that "it constitutes an abandonment of all self-control, and a surrender of the supremacy of reason, as informed and enlightened by the senses, to the most nonsensical jugglery."

All these statements are as wide as they can be of truth, and I might with some justice complain at being subjected to such grievous imputations, merely because I had made a decision which was unacceptable to a portion of the community. But it is not for the purpose of complaining that I sit down to write. I am aware that it is not so much me, as it is the faith which I profess, which is the object of attack. It is "the mighty theme, and not the inconsiderable advocate," which offends. I am also aware why it is that so much error exists in the public mind on that subject, and my whole purpose is, so far as I am concerned, to correct that error; to state truly, as far as I can in this connection, what it is that I do believe, and generally the grounds on which my belief is founded, that all who take interest enough in the matter to read what I may say, may have the means of judging for themselves as to what I really do believe, rather than what others erroneously impute to me as a belief.

I am sincerely grateful to my assailants for not imputing to me any unworthy or selfish motives, for conceding that as a private citizen I "stand exempt from public criticism," and that I am "not a fool," and for confining themselves to the mere imputation that I am laboring under a delusion. It is, therefore, to that point I shall confine myself in what I have now to say.

It was in January, 1851, that my attention was first called to the subject of "Spiritual Intercourse." I was at the time withdrawn from general society; I was laboring under great depression of spirits. I was occupying all my leisure in reading on the subject of death, and man's existence afterward. I had in the course of my life read and heard from the pulpit so many contradictory and conflicting doctrines on the subject, that I hardly knew what to believe. I could not, if I would, believe what I did not understand, and was anxiously seeking to know, if after death we should again meet with those whom we had loved here, and under what circumstances. I was invited by a friend to witness the "Rochester Knockings." I complied, more to oblige her and to while away a tedious hour. I thought a good deal on what I witnessed, and I determined to investigate the matter and find out what it was. If it was a deception, or a delusion, I thought that I could detect it. For about four months, I devoted at least two evenings in a week, and sometimes more, to witnessing the phenomenon in all its phases. I kept careful records of all I witnessed, and from time to time compared them with each other, to detect inconsistencies and contradictions. I read all I could lay my hands on on the subject, and especially all the professed "exposures of the humbug." I went from place to place, seeing different mediums, meeting with different parties of persons, often with persons whom I had never seen before, and sometimes where I was myself entirely unknown—sometimes in the dark and sometimes in the light—often with inveterate unbelievers, and more frequently with zealous believers. In fine, I availed myself of every opportunity that was afforded, thoroughly to sift the matter to the bottom. I was all this time an unbeliever, and tried the patience of believers sorely by my skepticism, my captiousness, and my obdurate refusal to yield my belief. I saw around me some who yielded a ready faith on one or two sittings only; others again, under the same circumstances, avowing a determined unbelief; and some who refused to witness it at all, and yet were confirmed unbelievers. I could not imitate either of these parties, and refused to yield unless upon most irrefragable testimony. At length the evidence came, and in such force that no sane man could withhold his faith.

Thus far the question I was investigating was, whether what I saw was produced by mere mortal means, or by some invisible, unknown agency; in other words, whether it was a deception, an imposition, or what it professed to be, the product of some unknown, unseen cause. To detail what I witnessed would far exceed the limits of this communication, for my records of it for those four months alone, fill at least one hundred and thirty closely-written pages. I will, however, mention a few things, which will give a general idea of that which characterized interviews, now numbering several hundred. Most of them have occurred in the presence of others besides myself. I have preserved their names in my records, but do not give them to the world, because I do not desire to subject them to the obloquy which seems, most strangely, to be visited upon all who look into the matter with any other feeling than a resolute and obstinate incredulity, whatever the evidence. But these considerations grow out of this fact: 1st, that I have thus very many witnesses, whom I can invoke to establish the truth of my statements; and, 2d, that if I have been deluded, and have not seen and heard what I think I have, my delusion has been shared by many as shrewd, as intelligent, as honest, and as enlightened people as are to be found anywhere among us.

My attention was first drawn to the intercourse by the rappings, then the most common, but now the most inconsiderable, mode of communing. Of course I was on the look out for deception, and at first relied upon my senses and the conclusions which my reason might draw from their evidence. But I was at a loss to tell how the mediums could cause what I witnessed under these circumstances: the mediums walking the length of a suite of parlors, forty or fifty feet, and the rappings being distinctly heard five or six feet behind them, the whole distance, backward and forward several times; being heard near the top of a mahogany door, above where the medium could reach, and as if struck hard with a fist; being heard on the bottom of a car when traveling, on a railroad, and on the floor and the table, when seated at lunch, at an eating-house by the side of the road; being heard at different parts of the room, sometimes several feet distant from the medium, and where she could not reach—sometimes on the table and immediately after on the floor, and then at different parts of the table, in rapid succession, enabling us to feel the vibration as well as hear the sounds; sometimes, when the hands and feet of the medium were both firmly and carefully held by some one of the party, and sometimes on a table when no one touched it.

After depending upon my senses, as to these various phases of the phenomenon, I invoked the aid of science, and with the assistance of an accomplished electrician and his machinery, and of eight or ten intelligent, educated, shrewd persons, examined the matter. We pursued our inquiries many days, and established to our satisfaction two things: first, that the sounds were not produced by the agency of any person present or near us; and, second, that they were not forthcoming at our will and pleasure.

In the mean time, another feature attracted my attention, and that was "physical manifestations," as they are termed. Thus, I have known a pine table with four legs, lifted bodily up from the floor, in the center of a circle of six or eight persons, turned upside down and laid upon its top at our feet, then lifted up over our heads, and put leaning against the back of the sofa on which we sat. I have known that same table to be tilted up on two legs, its top at an angle with the floor of forty-five degrees, when it neither fell over of itself, nor could any person present put it back on its four legs. I have seen a mahogany table, having only a center leg, and with a lamp burning upon it, lifted from the floor at least a foot, in spite of the efforts of those present, and shaken backward and forward as one would shake a goblet in his hand, and the lamp retain its place, though its glass pendents rang again. I have seen the same table tipped up with the lamp upon it, so far that the lamp must have fallen off unless retained there by something else than its own gravity, yet it fell not, moved not. I have known a dinner-bell taken from a high shelf in a closet, rung over the heads of four or five persons in that closet, then rung around the room over the heads of twelve or fifteen persons in the back parlor, and then borne through the folding doors to the farther end of the front parlor, and there dropped on the floor. I have frequently known persons pulled about with a force which it was impossible for them to resist, and once, when all my own strength was added in vain to that of the one thus affected. I have known a mahogany chair thrown on its side and moved swiftly back and forth on the floor, no one touching it, through a room where there were at least a dozen people sitting, yet no one was touched, and it was repeatedly stopped within a few inches of me, when it was coming with a violence which, if not arrested, must have broken my legs.

This is not a tithe—nay! not a hundredth part of what I have witnessed of the same character, but it is enough to show the general nature of what was before me.

At the same time, I have heard from others, whose testimony would be credited in any human transaction, and which I could not permit myself to disregard, accounts of still more extraordinary transactions, for I have been by no means as much favored in this respect as some.

While these things were going on, there appeared in the newspapers various explanations and "exposures of the humbug," as they were termed. I read them with care, in the expectation of being assisted in my researches, and I could not but smile at once at the rashness and the futility of the explanations. For instance, while certain learned professors in Buffalo were congratulating themselves on having detected it in the toe and knee joints, the manifestations in this city, changed to ringing a bell placed under the table. They were like the solution lately given by a learned professor in England, who attributes the tipping of tables to a force in the hands which are laid upon it, overlooking the material fact that tables quite as frequently move when there is no hand upon them.

What I have thus mentioned has happened in the presence of others as well as myself. I have not alluded to any of the things which have occurred to me when I have been alone, for as that would depend upon my testimony only, I have preferred not to subject my veracity to the rash and reckless contradictions of those who venture to denounce as an "atrocious imposture" that of which they are profoundly ignorant, and which has been examined and is believed in by thousands and tens of thousands of their fellow-citizens, who are, to say the least, every whit as honest and as intelligent as they are. Nor am I very anxious to submit my faith to the judgment of those who would have persecuted Galileo nigh unto death for discovering our planetary system, and have united in the cry of "folly" at Fulton's steamboat, "humbug" at Morse's telegraph, and "insanity" at Gray's iron road.

Having thus, by a long series of patient inquiries, satisfied myself on this point, my next inquiry was, Whence comes the intelligence there is behind it all? For that intelligence was a remarkable feature of the phenomenon.

Thus I have frequently known mental questions answered, that is, questions merely framed in the mind of the interrogator, and not revealed by him or known to others. Preparatory to meeting a circle, I have sat down alone in my room and carefully prepared a series of questions to be propounded, and I have been surprised to find my questions answered, and in the precise order in which I wrote them, without my even taking my memorandum out of my pocket, and when I knew that not a person present even knew that I had prepared questions, much less what they were. My most secret thoughts, those which I have never uttered to mortal man or woman, have been freely spoken to as if I had uttered them. Purposes which I have privily entertained have been publicly revealed; and I have once and again been admonished that my every thought was known to, and could be disclosed by, the intelligence which was thus manifesting itself.

I have heard the mediums use Greek, Latin, Spanish, and French words, when I knew they had no knowledge of any language but their own; and it is a fact that can be attested by many, that often there has been speaking and writing in foreign languages and unknown tongues by those who were unacquainted with either.

Still the question occurred, May not all this have been, by some mysterious operation, the mere reflex of the mind of some one present? The answer was, that facts were communicated which were unknown then, but afterward found to be true; like this, for instance, when I was absent last winter in Central America, my friends in town heard of my whereabouts and of the state of my health seven times, and on my return, by comparing their information with the entries in my journal, it was found to be invariably correct. So in my recent visit to the West, my whereabouts and my condition were told to a medium in this city while I was traveling on the railroad between Cleveland and Toledo. So thoughts have been uttered on subjects not then in my mind, and utterly at variance with my own notions. This has often happened to me and to others, so as fully to establish the fact that it was not our minds that gave birth to or affected the communication.

Kindred to this are two well-authenticated cases of persons who can read the thoughts of others in their minds. One is an artist of this city of high reputation, and the other the editor of a newspaper in a neighboring city. The latter wrote me, that in company with three friends he had tried the experiment, and for over forty successive attempts found he could read the secret thoughts of his companions as soon as they were formed, and without their being uttered. So, too, there is the instance of two persons, one of them also resident in this city, who can give a faithful delineation of the character, and even the prevailing mood of mind, of any person, however unknown to them, upon whom they fix their attention.

These are not apocryphal cases. The parties are at hand, and in our very midst, and any person that pleases may make the investigation, as I have, and satisfy himself.

But all this, and much, very much more of a cognate nature, went to show me that there was a high order of intelligence involved in this new phenomenon—an intelligence outside of, and beyond, mere mortal agency; for there was no other hypothesis which I could devise or hear of that could at all explain that, whose reality is established by the testimony of tens of thousands, and can easily be ascertained by any one who will take the trouble to inquire.

If these two points were established—and there are now in these United States hundreds of thousands of sentient beings who have investigated and believe they are—then came this important question, *Cui bono?* To what end is it all? For what purpose? With what object?

To that inquiry I have directed my earnest attention, devoting to the task for over two years all the leisure I could command, and increasing that leisure as far as I could by withdrawing myself from all my former recreations. I have gone from circle to circle, from medium to medium, seeking knowledge on the subject wherever I could obtain it, either from books or from observation, and bringing to bear upon it whatever of intelligence I have been gifted with by nature, sharpened and improved by over thirty years' practice at the bar, in the legislature, and on the bench.

I found there were very many ways in which this unseen intelligence communed with us, besides the rappings and table tippings, and that through those other modes there came very many communications distinguished for their eloquence, their high order of intellect, and their pure and lofty moral tone; at the same time I discovered many inconsistencies and contradictions that were calculated to mislead. I saw many puerile and some very absurd statements, and many that were admirably calculated to make man better and happier, and I set to work to see if I could not out of this chaos gather something that might be valuable.

I was satisfied that something more was intended than the gratification of an idle curiosity; something more than pandering to a diseased appetite for the marvelous; something more than the promulgation of oracular platitudes; something more than upsetting material objects to the admiration of the wonder-lover; something more than telling the age of the living or the dead, etc.

For that something I have industriously searched. I thought that was wiser than to condemn without investigation, and denounce without knowledge. What I have discovered in that regard I have intended to give to the world, that all may judge for themselves whether there is any thing in it worthy the attention of intelligent beings. It would have been done ere this if my leisure would have allowed me time to prepare my manuscript for the press. Now I expect that my book will be published by the first of September, and to that I refer, as I have already said, for particulars.

In the mean time, it is due to myself and to others to say, that our faith, as growing out of these researches, is not "at irreconcilable variance with revelation." How little do they, who make such charges, know of this matter! Misled by the crudities which alone are seen in the newspapers of the day, because the graver matters can not find admission there, the idea is, I am aware, entertained by some that this new philosophy is at variance with the revelation through Christ, the Redeemer. This is indeed a sad mistake, and one that believers would be too happy to correct, if only the opportunity could be afforded them.

So, too, is it a grievous error to suppose that it "constitutes an abandonment of all self-control, and a surrender of the supremacy of reason, as informed and enlightened by the senses." There was never yet, I venture to say, a religious creed promulgated among men, which so entirely eschewed blind faith, and so fully and always demanded the exercise of the judgment and the supremacy of the reason.

Hence it is that we are taught that none of these extraordinary things which are witnessed by so many, are miraculous, or flow from any suspension of nature's laws, but are, on the other hand, in conformity with, and in execution of, those laws; that like the steam-engine and the magnetic telegraph, they are marvelous only to those who do not understand them or are not familiar with them; that those laws, and the means by which they produce such results, are as capable of being found out by human research; that the knowledge is not confined to a few, but is open to all, rich or poor, high or low, wise or ignorant, who will wisely and patiently search for it, and that when it is attained it can not but work in the heart "a closer walk with God," and an intercourse with our fellowmen of a more elevated character, void of selfishness, and devoted to their absolute advancement in all knowledge and goodness, both in this world and in the world to come.

This is a part of the something which I have found in my researches. But there is more yet. There is that which comforts the mourner and binds up the broken-hearted; that which smooths the passage to the grave and robs death of its terrors; that which enlightens the atheist and can not but reform the vicious, that which cheers and encourages the virtuous amid all the trials and vicissitudes of life, and that which demonstrates to man his duty and his destiny, leaving it no longer vague and uncertain. What that is, I can not in the limits of this letter explain, but in due time it will be forthcoming, and each one can judge for himself.

But now may I not ask if I overrate the importance of the subject of my inquiries? Scarcely more than four years have elapsed since the "Rochester Knockings" were first known among us. Then mediums could be counted by units, but now by thousands—then believers could be numbered by hundreds, now by tens of thousands. It is believed by the best informed, that the whole number in the United States must be several hundred thousands, and that in this city and its vicinity there must be from twenty-five to thirty thousand. There are ten or twelve newspapers and periodicals devoted to the cause, and the Spiritual Library embraces more than one hundred different publications, some of which have already attained a circulation of more than ten thousand copies. Besides the undistinguished multitude, there are many men of high standing and talent ranked among them, doctors, lawyers, and clergymen in great numbers, a Protestant bishop, the learned and reverend president of a college, judges of our higher courts, members of Congress, foreign embassadors, and ex-members of the National Senate.

That which has thus spread with such marvelous celerity in spite of the ridicule which has deterred so many from an open avowal, and which has attracted the attention of so many of the best minds among us, can not be unworthy of my investigation, or that of persons far wiser and more reliable than I am.

It is now more than a year that my peculiar faith has been the subject of public comment. During it all I have been silent as to those attacks, content steadily to pursue my investigations until I could arrive at satisfactory results. Perhaps I have been silent too long, for, in the mean time, very erroneous notions, as to that faith, have been allowed to spring up. But I was unwilling to speak until I was as sure as I could be that I was right, lest I might utter some crudity which, by-and-by, I might regret—or commit some error which I might find it difficult to correct, or, in fine, unhappily mislead in my ignorance, rather than wisely guide by my knowledge.

I went into the investigation, originally thinking it a deception, and intending to make public my exposure of it. Having, from my researches, come to a different conclusion, I feel that the obligation to make known the result is just as strong. Therefore it is, mainly, that I give the result to the world. I say mainly, because there is another consideration which influences me, and that is the desire to extend to others a knowledge which I am conscious can not but make them happier and better.

If those who doubt this could but spend a few days with me in my library, and witness the calls I have from strangers from all parts of the country; if they could but look over my portfolio, and read the letters which pour in upon me from all sections, and from persons whom I have never seen and never may see, they would be able, from the evidence thus furnished of the good that has been done, to form some idea of what may yet be accomplished, and they would not wonder that I find a compensation for the obloquy that is so freely heaped upon me by the ignorant, in the grateful outpourings of hearts which have, by my means, been relieved. One of them

* *Daily Chronicle*, of New London.

says (and it is a fair specimen of the whole) "You have acted the part of the good Samaritan, and poured oil into the wound of one like to die, and you will have rendered a death-bed, sooner or later, calm and hopeful, which might have been disturbed by doubts."

This, then, is the offense for which I have been arraigned at the bar of the public with so unsparing a condemnation, declared unworthy of my high office, falsely accused of consulting aught else than the law of the land, and my own reason, in the judgments which I officially pronounce, and have had invoked against me "the fires of Smithfield and the hangings of Salem." From such a condemnation it is that I appeal to the calm, unbiased judgment of my countrymen, with a firm reliance upon its justice.

J. W. EDMONDS.

NEW YORK, *August* 1, 1853.

ANOTHER INSANE MAN.

FRIENDS PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

There is now living in the city of Philadelphia, a plain, humble, quiet man, who has within a few years become—what many are now trying to make people believe of such—insane. This gentleman was a sincere, conscientious, consistent follower of that most excellent man, William Penn. He stood deservedly high in the society to which he belonged by a birth-right membership, walking, in his integrity, the straight path of that sect. Every thing he did was a matter of principle with him, and so upright was he in all his dealings with his fellow-man, that every one loved him, every one spoke well of him. Like the majority of his sect, he studied economy and practiced frugality, was industrious and attentive to his business, and, by these means, became easy in his worldly circumstances, but, which is too often the case, he very naturally grew in love with money. Still he never became what is called parsimonious, and would occasionally lend a helping hand to others, would frequently speak a good word for a friend, when it would not injure his own reputation for truthfulness. With all these good traits of character, his mind was not, however, always satisfied, as occasionally the thought would steal into it, that he was, perhaps, a little selfish, loved himself and his own a little better than he did others who were not related to him by birth or sect. Living in a large city, where there are many extremes in society, and being, withal, a man who spent many of his leisure hours in quiet meditation, he could not help being at times struck with the miseries of the poor and degraded, and often sighed over their condition.

By some unlucky circumstance, as many would think, this gentleman's mind became deeply interested in the so-called delusion of Spiritualism. Having, some years ago, lost, and as he thought forever, the beloved companion of his bosom, he was delighted as well as astonished to find that he could still hold sweet communion with her, for she was ever watching over him, in his hours of loneliness and sorrow. There seemed to be old thoughts again awakened in his mind of his long-loved and departed, but still present, companion, as he listened to the new and strange manifestations from her exalted spirit. Soon a new field was opened to his vision, as this flood of light poured in upon his soul. The vacant place in his heart was filled again, life seemed gifted with new charms, and its duties wore a new aspect. He was shown that to be a true Christian was to be something more than the Sectarian, and that to do good was, in truth, a greater blessing to the doer than to the receiver of it. How his heart expanded in his bosom! and, quite unquaker-like, it would dance with joy. He now had a smile and a good word for every one, no matter who he was or what he was. With such feelings in his heart, it was not long before it became generally known that this heretofore consistent Quaker gentleman had become deluded.

One day a poor, friendless German emigrant, with his pale, sick wife, came into his store to purchase some necessary medicines for her health; and, judging from appearances, he felt that they were in a sad condition, and among strangers in a strange land. Very wisely he questioned this poor man who, doubtless, had seen better days, and found, by his conversation, that his case was indeed most deplorable. After making careful inquiry, he satisfied himself there was no imposture in his tale of sorrow. He found that with a bed and bed-clothes these poor strangers could be rendered quite comfortable by boarding with a poor family whose only means of subsistence were the daily toil of a poor shoemaker. What does this insane man do but purchase a bed and bed-clothes for these homeless emigrants, and by thus doing, very timely rendered an assistance so much needed by them. This is but one of the many good incidents in this gentleman's history since he became a Spiritualist. I could relate many such of him, and much greater ones too, if it were necessary to prove his insanity by them.

What has been the result of such conduct with my friend? One particular circumstance I will tell you. But a few months ago he was disowned by the society in which he had been an upright member all his life, and one grave charge against him was, "because he believed in, and practiced, holding communion with the dead."

The above narrative is no fiction, but strictly true to the letter. I wish you to publish it, as another case of insanity, and also to show what a good man *may do* with his surplus money, should he become insane on Spiritualism. Would not the whole world be greatly blessed if one half only were thus crazy?

J. F. L.

A PARABLE.

BY CHARLES WORTH.

IS THE WORLD FALSE and cruel? Read this PARABLE.

One time an earthquake rent the granite ribs of a mountain, thereby giving vent to a fountain, from which was born an humble rivulet.

The first summer in the life of the streamlet was spent in the work of nursing little modest flowers along its way. Very beautiful and holy was this blessing and being blessed. Eolus saw it and smiled, and made the rill laugh in wavelets to the flowers, and made them nod and courtesy to it in a very coquetish manner. But Boreas came along, with his freezing disposition, and frowned cold terror, as he always does on warm beauty. The flowers perished at once; and ice ensurfaced the rill, which confined itself in an automure, but flowed on as before, glad in its own being; no less, no weaker than it had been. The grim winter could not freeze it from existence; nor did it, in anger or fear, shrink back into the ground and adopt a cave life, like an apanthropist.

The rivulet of the north pursued its course till it became a river in the far south, where winter never came, and where it could water magnificent forests, as well as lowly beds of flowers, beneath the smiles of summer always; and also float on its strong breast many a vessel for the use of man.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1853.

REVIEW OF BEECHER'S REPORT.

CHAPTER VI.

We are now prepared to consider the final conclusion of Mr. Beecher concerning the *character* of the Spirits to whose agency he ascribes the modern phenomena. In the decision of this important question our author does not in the least regard what the Spirits do or what they teach. The gentle tone of their teachings, and the benevolent spirit of their ministry, are rather treated as evidences of weakness or deception, while all that is inculcated with respect to the real obligations and practical duties of human life is adroitly kept out of sight. The Spirits are condemned on other grounds. They do not sufficiently respect the theological prepossessions of our friend —*are not strictly orthodox according to the standard of the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn*—and this fact is presumed to authorize the inference that they are *evil*. Mr. Beecher refers us to the Apocalypse for an appropriate delineation of the character of the Spirits employed in the present movement. For the convenience of the reader, who may not have a Bible at hand, we will quote the description.

"And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty."*

The reviewer is probably mistaken in supposing that this is at all pertinent to the case. The Revelator saw but "*three spirits*," while those among us can not be numbered. Moreover, the spirits which John saw were "like frogs," and they went forth to invoke the assistance of kings; but the Spirits which now appear unto men, neither assume the form nor exhibit the characteristics of any amphibious animal. They are essentially *human* in form and feature, but clothed with more than earthly beauty and power. Many have a striking resemblance to our dearest friends, and the demonstrations of personal identity are often complete. We do not know that they have any special mission to the kings of the earth, and if they had, royalty like divinity would doubtless make their reception depend on a supple conformity to its arbitrary requirements.

But Mr. Beecher's conclusion is unwarranted by his premises, and opposed by the plainest dictates of reason. It will be rembered that our author, in the learned discussion of his antecedents, proved that "the demons (falsely translated devils) of the New Testament,"† were the spirits of departed men; also that the word did not imply that the beings thus designated were necessarily evil, but that demons, like men in the flesh, were both good and bad. He cited the testimony of Hesiod and Plato to prove that it was deemed an honorable promotion, even for a good man, to die and become a demon.‡ From precisely these premises Mr. Beecher infers, that the demons or spirits of men who yet manifest themselves to the world are *only evil*, whereas the only legitimate inference from his own premises is, that they differ in their moral attributes and perfections as widely as they did on earth; and this is clearly demonstrated by the mixed character of the phenomena.

But we have said that our author's conclusion is opposed to reason, and in support of this proposition we have two weighty considerations to offer:

1. It virtually assumes that our Divine Father has resigned the government of mankind to evil spirits, and thus left us to be fatally deceived. The just inference from this conclusion is, that the lowest intelligences of the other world enjoy a degree of freedom which is denied to such as are more divinely endowed. It presumes that the former are licensed to lead us astray by their insidious arts, while the spirits of just men are not permitted to come to the rescue of poor human nature, even in its greatest extremity. To such absurd conclusions, dishonorable alike to heaven and earth, are the devotees of mythological theology driven in the middle of the nineteenth century. In their desperate efforts to sustain a system of dogmatic theology, which the earth has outgrown, they virtually insist that hell is now disgorged, that the world may be deceived, and they conclude with—what appears to us—the fearful blasphemy of representing the merciful "Father of the spirits of all flesh" as a passive spectator of the scene, either satisfied to see his own image defaced, and his children sacrificed to foul demons, or else impotent to arrest the work of ruin. Thus Mr. Beecher's conclusion—that the innumerable spirits which now visit the earth are all evil—violates our reason as clearly as it disregards the interests of humanity and subverts the Divine order and supreme government of Heaven.

2. That our author's conclusion is unreasonable, will further appear if we consider a law to which all natures are subject. In this connection we propose to speak of the *affinity* which the good, not less than the evil, have for kindred souls. Agreeably to this law the noblest beings, as well as the meanest, must desire to preserve the companionship of their earthly friends, and to renew the intercourse which through all time ministered to pleasurable and beneficent ends. Surely if the pure in heart are as devoted to those they loved on earth as the wayward can be to the mere pleasures of flesh and sense, the former are quite as likely to be attracted to the earthly objects of their affectionate solicitude as the latter. And are they not bound by ties as strong? and is not the divine attraction of love lasting and sure as the mere magnetism of lust and passion? A thousand facts in the history of the living and the dead witness that it is infinitely stronger. The child that clung to the maternal bosom, even to the last moment of its earth-life, will not desert that sanctuary when its frail form shall dissolve away. If the spirit survives the body, and its inherent faculties and essential laws are operative in the life to come, it will not, nay, *it can not*, do otherwise than obey the unperverted instincts of its nature. It may still nestle in that bosom and perchance lay its spirit-hands on the throbbing heart to soften its pulsations. And the mother, too, who has watched over her child from the moment of its birth, shielding it from the rude winds of this fitful life, and whose last breath goes out in prayer to Heaven for its safety, can not forget the tender object of her care. Death has no power to annihilate a single attribute of our spiritual being. If it had, our identity would be lost, and consciousness buried amidst the physical ruin.

The love-principle is so strong that it sometimes dissolves the forms which restrain its action, only that it may go out and blend more perfectly with the objects of its worship. How many have died for love? This is no solecism, though *love* and *life* are ONE.* Love properly represents the *life-principle*. Death is in no sense the dstruction of that principle, but only its separation from the forms in which it temporarily inheres. When the love or life of a human soul is too powerfully attracted by some being for which it has a strong affinity, the vital principle may abandon its own organism, and go forth to pervade the presence and mingle with the life of that being. How many thus pass away Heaven only knows.

"A love still all unquench'd
Dwelling deep in the shut and silent heart,
As dwells the gather'd lightning in its cloud,"

but waits the rending of the vail that it may find a full expression, and equalize itself among the kindred elements of earth and heaven. Love, or life, is immortal by its own essential law, and by virtue of its eternal Source. Those who have lived and loved on earth shall never cease to love, and by logical sequence, as well as by a divine necessity growing out of the nature, powers, and relations of the soul, the spirits of the just are the companions and guardians of those who seek their presence and fellowship on earth.

* Rev. xvi. 13, 14. † Beecher's Report. p. 47. ‡ Ib. p. 48.

* It is worthy of remark that the word *love* is from the Teutonic *leben*, to live; its etymology determines its significance.

JUDGE EDMONDS TO THE PUBLIC.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the calm, clear, and forcible appeal of JUDGE EDMONDS to the Public, which will be found on our first page. The Judge has hitherto made no reply to those thoughtless persons who have not only charged him with folly and insanity, but have openly profaned the most sacred memories, by their coarse allusions to one who was, and is, unspeakably dear to his heart. In this we think he has acted wisely; and even now, when it seems proper for him to write as he has done, it will gratify his numerous Spiritual friends that he has treated his misguided enemies with so much forbearance. Men who can neither respect the virtues of the living nor the memory of the dead, certainly require our compassion. They know nothing of the nobility which dares to sacrifice itself for Truth, and their want of sensibility to the refined and generous emotions of human nature is in itself a sufficient retribution.

Those who have indulged the notion that Judge Edmonds was disposed to relinquish his faith in Spiritualism, will find their suspicion unfounded; and if any think him insane, after reading the interesting paper herein presented, we presume that neither the reputation of our distinguished friend nor the cause of Spiritualism will materially suffer in consequence.

HINDOO PHILOSOPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Gentlemen—In your last number I observe a California story of a Hindoo priest, Lehanteka, of a rather marvelous and improbable character. That any ancient Hindoo priesthood are in possession of a science of the brain analagous to that which I have established by experimental investigation, is so entirely improbable and Munchausen-like a story, that I have no doubt it is either greatly exaggerated or totally untrue. Nor could the analogy be fairly appreciated at the present time, since a great portion of the science of Anthropology has not yet been published, *even in outline*, through the *Journal of Man*. In ascribing to myself a "polar theory," your correspondent attributes an idea which I have always repudiated.

There has always been a great disposition to admire, reverence, and exaggerate the literature, science, philosophy, and miracles of antiquity. The world in its infancy adores the past, as children entertain exaggerated conceptions of the power and greatness of their parents. Hence very trivial fragments of knowledge or philosophy, which are supposed to have been in existence for many centuries, are magnified into greater importance than the most elaborate and extensive results of modern scientific research. This superstitious tendency, which prevails but little among the thorough cultivators of science, still has its hold upon the popular mind. And, indeed, it is easy enough to impose upon mankind by modern charlatanism, without resorting to the *prestige* of antiquity.

I have observed among my pupils, that the merest charlatans, entirely incapable of comprehending or expounding the fundamental truths of Anthropology had, in a certain sphere, much greater success with the public in presenting their conditions than men of true science, learning, and philosophy, who scorned the tricks of the charlatan, and taught the inestimable truths of cerebral science.

As to Lehanteka, if he be in reality a Hindoo priest, and not a shrewd American or English impostor, such as we have had in the older States, it will be found upon examination that although he may be a good clairvoyant, as the narrative indicates, and may have some vague ideas of the Nervaura and the philosophy of the human constitution, derived from intuitive perception, he has in reality no science of the brain except what he has derived from the study of writers upon such subjects. It is probable that your correspondent did not intend to intimate any more than what is really probable, although his expressions imply much more.

In these matters it is very easy for the public to be deceived, as the prevailing ignorance is so very dense as to prevent the detection of scientific error, or of a respectable imposture. The probability that any Hindoo, without access to my publications (which, by the way, are sent to California), has brought from antiquity any notable amount of analogous philosophy, is about as great as the probability that he has brought from antiquity something analogous to the modern *science* of medicine, embracing the results of microscopic and pathological anatomy, or that he has brought from the same source the modern system of Astronomy, as demonstrated in the *Méchanique Celeste* of Laplace. The supposition is intrinsically extravagant and absurd. As to borrowing ideas in the clairvoyant or spiritual way, I doubt whether any honest clairvoyant could do so, without being aware of their source, and ready to recognize it.

There is a vast difference (which is not sufficiently appreciated) between vague notions derived from our speculative faculties, such as prevailed anterior to the dawn of the physical sciences, and the results of experimental research which constitute positive science. The tendency of the Hindoo mind in ancient times was speculative and poetic, but not scientific. In the VEDAS, and in the poems of KALIDASA (a cotemporary of Virgil) as well as the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, and the later Bhatti-kâvya, the descriptions of Nature are poetic and devotional—sometimes highly graphic and picturesque, but never philosophic. The ancient Hindoo astronomy was a matter of observation rather than philosophy, and had no conception of the true theory of the universe. Their methods of algebraic investigation were defective, and indeed the Oriental mind has never been able to achieve much in the domain of science. The observatories of Samarcand and Meraghar furnished but observations. The medical knowledge accumulated by the Hindoos in their great book, the *Susrata*, is never referred to by modern physicians or writers.

Tropical climates are more favorable to indolent speculation than to profound philosophy, which springs into being where greater strength of character is developed by a more invigorating climate. Mankind have been indebted, according to Baron Humboldt, "to the inhabitants of a small section of the temperate zone," for "the earliest revelation of an intimate and rational acquaintance with the forces governing the physical world." "Moreover, it is from the same zone that the germs of civilization have been carried to the regions of the tropics."

In these tropical regions, however, where human impressibility is developed to the highest possible extent, the constitutions of the mass of mankind render them fit subjects for marvelous operations, for easy deception, and for abject subjugation by the will of their cunning superiors. Esdaile's account of Mesmerism in India shows that no part of the world contains better materials for Nervauric miracles. In such a climate, the intuitional faculties acquire a high development, and many intuitive observations are made, which would be highly valuable if brought together and organized by the philosophic faculties and spirit of inductive research. Supplied by nature with the necessary conditions for the vocation of the clairvoyant or seer, and for spiritual communication and the use of supra-physical powers, we might expect from such regions much that is marvelous and interesting, but little that is truly scientific and philosophic.

J. R. BUCHANAN.

CINCINNATI, *July* 16, 1853.

DISEASE—MEDICINE.

S. B. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—In a letter to the TELEGRAPH, giving an account of the Hindoo priest, Lehanteka, Dr. Pope asks for a solution of the question, "If medicines act like disease, deranging and disturbing the vital forces and functions, on what principle do you justify their use?"

I reply, that I am an extreme skeptic in medicine, and regard it as a curse to the race as now used. My observations on diseased and vital action have convinced me that Napoleon displayed a deep philosophy when he assured Croisart that the human organization was a fort, and none could defend it but its own internal forces.

It is a matter of grave doubt whether medicine ever cures disease. It does, however, in all instances, set up diseased action. The grand laboratory of nature is fitted up for the production of vegetable and animal life, and intelligence is as plainly unfolded in vegetable as in animal life. The one I would call an involuntary manifestation, and the other a voluntary, conscious operation between mind and matter. The vegetable feeds itself by intuitional intelligence, while man and all animals have a will-governed connection with the food they consume. This food, acting through the medium of the nerves, blood, etc., develops the phenomena of life; for life is manifested by chemical action, and when the requisite supply of food is withdrawn that action ceases, and with it life goes out. Disease is also manifested by chemical action, and may be defined as action ranging above or below the standard of normal life-movements; and this definition explains clearly why medicines and disease act alike—they both set up an action in the human system above or below the natural molecular motion. The narcotics or poisons sink the standard of action; the stimulants raise it above the proper point.

Fever, and, in fact, all disease, is a combustion of the blood first, and then the solids; and this combustion, or burning up of vital parts, falls either on the centers of life or on the surface. Small-pox sets up an action on the skin that destroys a large space of the surface, and fills the circular pits with the ashes of the burned matter. Consumption is a burning of the substance of the lungs, while cholera, yellow fever, and plague are apparently a combustion of the blood. That fluid is literally cooked—boiled by excess of heat, evolved by intense chemical action. Fever, plague, cholera, I regard as *centripetal* diseases; they are the work of intense poisons carried into the blood, called animal and vegetable miasms. Small-pox, measles, scarletina, etc., are *centrifugal* or surface diseases. The action is in the capillaries of the skin. Ague and fever, in its revolution, shows both these actions. In the cold stage, the central action prevails over the surface action, and the blood retires to the center. The fever comes on, and the surface is flushed; the blood returns to the surface, and an intense chemical action is set up in the capillaries, and so much of the blood as is rendered useless is poured off through the skin. It was the observation of this law that led Galen to remark, that ague had an annual and diurnal revolution like the earth. This disease is produced in the system by dead matter, and it of course follows the laws of matter as above indicated.

In consumptive patients I always observe alternations of chill and heat, and these symptoms always arise as soon as the matter of the decaying lung begins to be absorbed into the system. And these chill and fever flashes are perfect types of what we observe in all miasmatic diseases; they are the same, and I have interrupted them by small doses of quinine as distinctly as you can interrupt the paroxysm of an ague.

The vital action of the system is carried on in the blood, and the vital fluid is eliminated by a rusting process, analogous to that which occurs in the battery when electricity is evolved. The acid is replenished, and its action is continued till the zinc and copper are worn out. So in the blood, it must be constantly supplied by the food with certain properties, or its ability to eliminate the phenomena ceases. The air inhaled into the lungs, when the blood has no nutriment in it, only sets up a reversed action in the system, and consumes what zinc and copper (nourishment) it finds, and the battery is rusted out—the body dies. Whatever modifies this vital action influences the life-principle; hence all medicines—all substances in nature taken into the organism—work changes in this phenomenon.

With this idea of vital action before your mind, you will readily guess my conclusions respecting the use of medicines. They can not be safely taken. No rule can be established for their administration. Calomel salivates and acts as a cathartic, but in doing so it sets up an action in the system which elaborates a large mass of bilious matter. This may be absorbed and destroy the patient. Salts may physic, but the patient may die under its action. Arsenic creates a fever in the system in doses of a few drops. Prussic acid destroys life with the rapidity of lightning, and no trace is left of its action on the stomach: it goes directly to the centers of life and extinguishes the vital flame. Alcohol acts as a stimulus on all the vital tissues, and the increased momentum it gives to the vital movements wears out the machinery. In the language of the eloquent Dr. Dixon, of the Scalpel, "Nature is ever busy by the silent operation of her own forces, endeavoring to cure disease. Her medicines are air, warmth, food, water, exercise, and sleep."

Man can not so modify vital action by disturbing her forces as to produce health or equilibrium, for the reason that he can never calculate the amount of action that may result from any given amount of medicine. An extensive range of observations on the action of infinitesimal doses, given upon the law of similars, has failed to convince me that *one vital change* favorable to health has ever been worked by the whole squad of dabblers in the small end of a shadow whittled down to a point. Water, as now applied, is a series of experiments upon *heat* and *radiation*; its merits are yet to be determined.

Mesmerism as a remedy has not yet been fully tested, but it is apparent that if a healthy vital fluid can be thrown from one system to another, a tangible influence may be worked on a diseased person. It yet remains to be proved that medicine, in large doses or small, has cured or even mitigated disease or suffering. You may break the paroxysm of an ague by a dose of quinine, or stop pain by opium, but the veriest tyro in medicine knows that a cure is never effected by either remedy.

In all epidemics multitudes are killed by medicine. In cholera, thousands have been slaughtered, and the Homœopathic system claims a grand triumph over Allopathy in its treatment, from the fact that their remedies have done no harm. I have treated small-pox, typhus fever, and many cases of malignant scarletina without a jot of medicine with as good success as with the most noted remedies. These I know are sweeping declarations, but let him gainsay them who dare. All the changes in the progress of disease that are favorable are charged over to the medicine; all unfavorable to the patient are saddled upon the *bile*, *inflammation*, *fever*, etc.

Disease is a unity, and the work of modifying the action of chemico-vital forces, by flinging into the laboratory a mass of crude materials, is not so easy as we are taught to believe. Dr. Forbes, editor of the *Foreign Medical Review*, London, in reviewing Hahnemanism discusses these questions; read him.

Yours, truly, B. W. RICHMOND.

FACTS IN WISCONSIN.

WATERTOWN, WISCONSIN, *July* 24, 1853.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

This young city, with Yankee enterprise and a German population, has felt enough of the effects of Spiritual philosophy to arouse the vindictive feelings of the preachers and their satellites. The rod of expulsion to church members and threats of mobs and law-suits to others have neither stopped nor retarded the process of Spiritualization or investigation. The first time I lectured here, I found one firm believer, a writing medium, Mr. N. P. Straw. Only a few could be induced then (last fall) to go and hear any person talk about this "humbug." Now the greatest fool has ceased to call it a humbug, in direct terms; but many call it the devil's doings, and most intelligent persons consider the devil a creature of fancy, or a humbug of the proselyting priesthood.

Several mediums have been developed here. The most remarkable one is a Mr. Healy Akeley, a young man of honest heart and good habits. By Spiritual direction he abstained entirely from food for thirty (30) days, taking nothing but water during the whole time. He pursued his object steadily, and accomplished his development as a healing medium, and has now gone on his mission to aid and restore the sick and afflicted. He lost about thirty pounds of flesh during his fast, but did not suffer from disease or hunger, did not labor, but walked about, read, and chewed spruce gum. All sorts of lies are reported by the enemies of Spiritual knowledge, to evade or get rid of this fact, but there is ample proof to sustain it, and the fruits will show its object and importance.

Another person, an old man, was taken last winter with violent convulsions both of body and mind, and during this process of transition his neighbors got alarmed, bound him and put him in jail, treating him like a brute, with just as much reason as there would be for treating a person in that way who is delirious with a raging fever. The good Samaritan at last found him and bound up his wounds, took him home, and is now bathing him with the electro-magnetic fluid, and he is steadily recovering from the effects of the treatment he received from the thieves he fell among. In this case, as in the old one, the good Samaritan belonged to the infidel side of sectarianism. All those who call themselves Christians, make long prayers, keep clean the outside of the cup and platter, and carefully tithe the mint and cummin, passed by on the other side.

This is only one of thousands of cases where this mad world of strife betrays its want of true charity, and boasts its wealth in churches, priests, Bibles, and creeds. Who does not see the need of a practical religion, when the old faith has ceased to do works of charity and mercy, and become a mere creature of boasting and pride, selfishness and oppression. It is seen and felt, and it has come; and although born in a stable, and compelled often to flee for life, yet the young child is safe while angels protect it from the persecuting priesthood, as they did in old times the persecuted Jesus.

The cause prospers in the West. Gov. Tallmadge has given two lectures at Fond du Lac recently, to very large audiences, and many are inquiring what they shall do to be saved, or how they can know these glorious truths.

Yours, for progress, WARREN CHASE.

REMARKS: The foregoing communication from our friend Chase details some facts which deserve a few passing remarks in addition to those he has made upon them. The case of fasting for thirty consecutive days, without injury to the health or material diminution of physical strength, is not without many parallels, however incredible it may seem to be. Not to dwell upon several cases reported in the Biblical records, or to speak of the marvelous mortifications of the ancient stylites and other religious recluses, we not long since read of an English girl, of the name of Elizabeth Squirrel, who, at the time the writer saw her, had not touched (material) food for five or six weeks. This was proved by the positive testimony of the members of her family, who were highly respectable persons, and who, moreover, could neither have been deceived themselves, nor have had any motive to deceive others on *such* a subject. During this protracted fast the girl kept her bed for most of the time, and was frequently in a state of catalepsy, but she retained her ruddiness, and there was no apparent diminution of flesh. She all the while professed to see, and be able to converse with, Spiritual intelligences, and to receive from their hands Spiritual nourishment; and an equally remarkable feature of the case was, that an old glass tumbler, which through several generations had descended to the family as an heirloom, and which was now kept constantly on a table near her bedside, would frequently ring several times in quick succession, as if struck with a stick or little mallet, while no visible agency could be assigned as the cause of the phenomenon. We saw an account of this case in a review and extracts from a new English book enti-

tled "The Summer and Winter of the Soul," given in the *London Athenæum* some months since.

The cruel treatment of the old man who fell into convulsions is another instance showing with what insane horror many persons, even in this enlightened age, look upon nervous and psychical phenomena which wear a preternatural aspect. It is this feeling which frequently induces such persons to hurry off, with indecent haste, to the lunatic's asylum, such *convulsionaires* and others as claim to be the subjects of, or believers in, Spiritual influence, when a little good sense and candid reading would either enable them to identify such cases with many which even their Bibles teach them to regard as visitations from the angel-world, or to distinguish and rectify, by the simplest means, any irregular phenomena which may proceed from over-excitement of the nervous system.

Original Communications.

STANZAS.

BY C. D. STUART.

O give me the heart of childhood back,
And the hours that were all divine,
When life was free from a thorny track
And full of love's glad sunshine:
I thirst for the days when the spirit quaff'd
Joy, that sparkled like ruby wine;
When at sorrow and wrinkled care I laugh'd,
And sky-built castles of gold were mine!

O give me that happy heart once more,
And the light of those golden hours,
When life a paradise glory wore,
With sandals and crown of flowers;
O give me those days of gladness back—
I ask for no other gift divine;
I thirst for the free and flowery track
When sky-built castles of gold were mine!

THE KINDLY AND THE HARSH.

"Since to me this truth hath taught,
('Tis truth that's worth revealing),
More offend from want of thought
Than from any want of feeling.
If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it;
If we've but a word to say,
There's a time in which to say it."

Has the reader never noticed cases in which an individual with the best intentions has attempted to admonish an acquaintance or a child, and yet by harsh language, or a rash and petulant manner, irritated and provoked rather than soothed and reformed? Some one has said, that "in the minds of men there is, always has been, and always will be, some difference of opinion as to what is *true*, but every one knows and feels what is *kind*." Thus, when an individual attempts to admonish or advise, the truth may be stated in direct and unequivocal terms, and yet because of some imperiousness of manner or harshness of tone in which it is uttered, it may seem like falsehood, or at least fail to touch, subdue, and produce a proper impression. Let us bring the matter home to ourselves. Suppose that we had committed some error, had uttered some thoughtless word, had insulted or offended some one in some rash moment; and suppose, also, that a friend, an equal, knowing the fact should come to us, and in the spirit of a censor and a superior, not to say a tyrant, should harshly reproach us and vehemently urge an apology, what, in all probability, would be the result? Our blood would rise, our passions would kindle, our prejudices would become excited, and thus the difficulty would be increased rather than diminished. And yet the same admonition conveyed to us in a *kind and affectionate* manner would at once soothe, satisfy, and lead to a full and final adjustment. And so again with parents and children. In the multitude of cases a *kind* reproof will have far more effect than a *harsh* one; and for the very best reason—the *heart* can be moved more readily than the will.

We have in the world many persons who are fond of giving advice to their friends—who seek out opportunities to volunteer counsel. Unfortunately, in too many cases, these advisers are impertinent as well as indiscreet. They interfere with matters in which they have no concern, and in a spirit of curiosity rather than benevolence. They are apt to do far more harm than good, for they are fond of scandal and delight in exaggeration. "There is a time for all things," and there is a manner for all things. Many offend, "more from want of thought than want of feeling." Their hearts are right, but their heads are wrong. The very subjects they should avoid, they introduce. If they desire to conceal a matter, they are sure to disclose it by some abrupt or incautious expression, peculiar to themselves. There is, indeed, no task more delicate than that of an adviser. Human nature is so constituted, that many persons who are guilty of some error or weakness fancy that it is a secret to all the rest of mankind. Thus the drunkard, in the early stage of his career, may be seen gliding stealthily into some obscure tippling-shop, as if the world knew nothing of his habit, and he would be extremely abashed to encounter a friend on his egress; and yet his very look may betray his infirmity to all who possess ordinary intelligence. Converse with him, too, and you will find him a steady advocate of temperance. He labors under one of two illusions—either that he is not intemperate, and is in no danger of becoming so, or that he has so managed the indulgence of his habit that few, even of his best friends, know it. Talk to such a man in a harsh spirit; urge him with any degree of dictation to abandon his habit, and the chances are ten to one that he will get into a rage, deny that he is addicted to the vice in any degree whatever, and from that moment regard you as an enemy. But act discreetly, bide your time, seek for an opportunity when his heart and his confidence are open, and then deal with him gently and generously, and the effect will be salutary.

We could refer to dozens of cases in which harshness by parents, well meant but misjudged, has maddened their children and sent them abroad into the world, reckless, imbittered, and desperate. And when once a parent's roof has been left under such circumstances; when the heart has been soured, and all the better feelings of the inexperienced nature turned into wormwood and gall, who can wonder that fearful results should ensue! The young know but little of the world. They fancy that it is quite an easy thing to wrestle with and overcome its temptations and trials. They often misunderstand and misconceive. They often regard as tyranny a policy meant for their good, and which has its source in a lively interest for their permanent welfare. It is thus that they require, not only indulgence, but wise, cautious, and kindly treatment. A word—a harsh word—has sometimes sent a sensitive son from the parental household; has induced him foolishly, blindly, madly to believe that he was hated at home, and has thus made him his own worst enemy. Errors, too, admitted, and serious errors, are sometimes punished too severely. Blows are given where words would answer a better purpose. The body is smitten when the heart should be appealed to. When will the law of kindness be properly understood? When will men learn to govern their own passions? When will the tongue be kept under proper subjection? When will parents remember that their children look up to them as models, and that if the fountain be turbid the stream will be impure? When will KINDNESS be substituted for harshness, and gentleness and persuasion for violence and passion?

"Oft, unknowingly, the tongue
Touches on a cord so aching,
That a word or accent wrong
Pains the heart almost to breaking.
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been soothed or turned aside
By a quiet voice of kindness." SPIRITUALIST.

NAVARRE, OHIO, *July 13th*, 1853.

☞ We shall issue an edition of Judge Edmond's Address to the Public, in pamphlet form, for general circulation. Price six cents single; four dollars per 100 copies. Friends will please forward their orders.

Correspondence of the Telegraph.

FROM OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

LETTER I.

The Ocean, a Spiritual Teacher—The Mexican Minister to France—Nathaniel Hawthorne—Liverpool, its Environs and Institutions—Chester and its Cathedral—Table Moving—The London Leader.

LIVERPOOL, *July* 17, 1853.

DEAR BRITTAN:

I am now over the sea; an ocean three thousand miles wide rolls between me and all that is dear—between me and my country, my friends, and my kindred. The sea is a revolutionist; is something more than a democrat; is at once a creator and a destroyer; is the charm and the terror of the world; for it deters the weak and invites the strong, is the highway over which goes the vanquisher to lay the hand of commerce or of war upon nations that are doomed, because guilty of being feeble.

But I will not now speak of the sea as related to man the conqueror, to man the pursuer of gain, to man the trafficker. It is also related to man in a higher sense—to man the thinker, and, above all, to man the worshipper. The ocean is a great Spiritual teacher. It preaches to man, not according to the thirty-nine articles; not according to any creed of any church; it takes no stereotyped text; it declares, with voice deep, sincere, melodious, the wisdom of the *ever*-living God, and utters a praise that comes fresh from its great heart as when it first lifted up its voice after creation's hour. It teaches in parables like the great Master himself. It is a glorious symbol of the Infinite, out of which is mysteriously born the finite. Its unfathomable depth beneath you, as you sail over its ever-throbbing bosom, reminds you of a spirit that is in all, through all, around all, which is yet unsearchable. It refuses to wear the trace of man, and symbolizes the oblivion to which most mortals are destined. The mists that go up from its hoary waters are like the aspirations that are ever-ascending from the heart of struggling humanity. By the sea the land is embraced with innumerable soft watery arms, as all things are embraced by the love of God.

He that can not listen to such a teacher has no spirit of worship within him. His soul yet sleeps, and must be awakened. With the exception of a single day my voyage was uncommonly smooth, yet to me at every moment the sea seemed the fittest emblem of power. Its gentleness was the gentleness of strength, not of weakness. To use the personification of Wordsworth, the "mighty Being" seemed to be "awake," and did "with its motion make a sound like thunder everlastingly." Its sunniest smile had an under-look of sadness, like the smile of genius. At the close of each day, night settled down on the deep, slowly, calmly, like a great sorrow on a grief-worn heart. Yet somehow it seemed to say that within its bosom there was "rest." Christianity, in a certain sense, is a "worship of sorrow," and the ocean seems to moan out with a never-ending utterance along its interminable rock-bound shore a solemn "amen."

The day before coming in sight of land we had a storm which lasted about ten hours. It was what the seamen call a "fresh gale." The big swells rolled over the bow of the staunch steamship, and the spray dashed upon deck like a flood. I remained on deck from the commencement to the termination of the storm. Never did a day pass more rapidly with me, or bring more real enjoyment. On every side the huge tumbling waves were crested with foam, through which continually appeared the most beautiful emerald color that the eye ever feasted upon. The excitement was too high and the pleasure too great to admit any room for seasickness.

We had many pleasant, and some distinguished, passengers, among whom were the Mexican Minister to France, Senor J. R. Pecheco, and the American Consul to Liverpool. The Mexican Ambassador was an intelligent looking man, and, what is remarkable for one of his nation, comported himself in a very quiet manner. He exchanged cards with me, and invited me very cordially to visit him at Paris. Mr. Hawthorne, the famous author of the "Scarlet Letter," "House of Seven Gables," "Blithedale Romance," "Twice-Told Tales," and other books, was the "observed of all observers," if not the "glass of fashion and the mould of form." As usual, he was reserved, and seemed to look and think more than he talked. He has the richest place in the gift of the American government, and will no doubt be hereafter independent of the booksellers.

In England every thing looks new to an American, because every thing looks old. Time has been busy with every thing. Nothing wears the appearance of having sprung into existence yesterday. Centuries, not years, are here thought of in connection with all objects. But I am as yet too fresh a comer to generalize in regard to a kingdom that has been growing since the time when the great name of Cæsar awed the world.

Liverpool is a smoky, dingy town. It now numbers about 400,000 inhabitants, and contains more shipping than any other place on the globe. The Adelphi Hotel, St. George's Hall, the Mechanics' Institute, a Town Hall, a statute of George Canning by Chantrey, an execrable monument to Nelson in the center of the Exchange, the Lyceum in Bold Street, an Athenæum, the Royal Institution of Science and Literature, founded by William Roscoe, in 1814, which contains a set of casts from the Ægina and Phigaleian marbles, a workhouse capable of affording in-door relief to 1,800 persons, and the finest docks in all Christendom, are among the most notable things that Liverpool affords. In 1850 the tonnage of the port amounted to 3,336,337 tons, and the number of ships to 20,457. The custom dues were £3,366,284 sterling. Six sevenths of the woolen imported into England goes through Liverpool. It may be added—and the fact must be somewhat humiliating to the boasting English—that in 1764 more than half the African slave trade was carried on by Liverpool merchants.

Liverpool is called by many a very immoral place. It may, or may not be so, *as compared with other places*. "The immorality of the age," says Goethe, "is a standing topic of complaint with some men. But if any one likes to be moral, I can see nothing in the age to prevent him."

July 18.—I have been here now two days and have seen several places about Liverpool. I rode through the court end of the town to West Derby last evening, a distance of five miles, along a winding road as smooth as a flood, and inclosed on either side with a wall and hedge. The fields are very green and the foliage very rich, owing in part to the great moisture of the climate. A mile beyond Derby is the seat of the Earl of Sefton. The park is not large, but the flowers and the shrubbery in the garden are arranged with exquisite taste, and are surpassingly beautiful. I also visited the seat of the Earl of Derby, which is two miles beyond. The Hall is much more imposing and the grounds more extensive. Herds of deer grazing in the park, and swans swimming in the artificial ponds, look strange to American eyes.

This afternoon I went by railway to the old cathedral city of Chester, a distance of seventeen miles. It is situated on an eminence, and is surrounded by a wall which was built by the Romans. Besides the old wall, with its gates, the most noted object in Chester is the cathedral. The statistics of the town I have collected, but have no time to digest them and arrange them here.

I passed through Water Gate and crossed the Dee, upon which the city is situated, and took the road leaning to "Eaton Hall," the celebrated seat of the Marquis of Westminster. It is four miles south of Chester, about a quarter of a mile from the Dee, in an extensive park that slopes gently up from the river. It is regarded as the most magnificent Gothic structure in the kingdom. Unfortunately, for me, the Hall was undergoing repairs, and I was refused admittance. I feasted my eyes on the beauty of the Gothic architecture and the gardens, but was grieved to return without seeing the grand entrance hall, the ante-dining room, the dining room, ante-drawing room, drawing room, library, conservatory, chapel, etc., in the country house of an English nobleman whose income is the snug little sum of half a million sterling. O, high-headed, hollow-headed, Paul Potiphar, Esq., your house with a freestone front in Fifth Avenue, and your summer residence on the Hudson, don't amount to so very much after all! Yet, somehow, a *man* seems to us nobler than a *lord*; especially much nobler than some foolish apes of a lord.

Things "Spiritual" are exciting much public attention in this conservative country, and whatever may be the issue in regard to "rappings," inquiry will be raised, and the trammels that hinder free thought, and the expression of free thought, will be broken. The friend of mental and moral liberty, who has confidence in human nature when its development is unobstructed, hails with joy the advent of whatever will destroy cant, dissolve the petrifaction of creeds, and emancipate the soul of man from the bondage of constitutional authority.

I find the following in the last number of the London Leader, which betrays the usual shallowness with which any thing new—however sublime it may be—is treated in high places:

"*Table moving* is still active, though Faraday's authority has cowed the majority. No delusion can fairly be dissipated as long as people 'believe what they see,' and fancy they can *see* when in truth they *infer*. We were much amused last week by this example of 'evidence of the senses.' Walking down the Strand in company with a friend, we were both surprised at seeing, in a bookseller's window, 'Bleak House' lying open in the unmistakable shape of a thick octavo volume. Our knowledge that 'Bleak House' was not yet complete, and therefore could only be seen in numbers, not in volumes, made us doubt the evidence of our senses. We looked again and again. There was the volume evident enough, unmistakable! What could it be? It turned out to be the last number of that work laid open on an octavo volume, but so nicely adjusted that the two seemed one. We both laughed at this deception of the senses, and agreed that had not our previous knowledge *corrected* the report of the senses, we should have been willing to swear we had seen a copy of 'Bleak House' bound in one volume. Had we said so to any one, knowing that such a thing was unlikely, we should not have considered him hypocritical in saying, 'No, my friend, you *saw* nothing of the kind, but from certain impressions made upon your retina you inferred that a volume of 'Bleak House' was before you.

"A well-compiled volume—'Table turning and Table talking'—has just been issued by the house of Vizetelly, wherein the articles which have appeared in French, German, and English papers are collected and translated."

The editor of the Leader *assumes* that *table moving* is a delusion, because we must rely upon the senses for our evidence. If the senses are in no case reliable, then are experience and philosophy wrong in asserting that we know any thing, for the senses always furnish the occasion even for the positive deliverances of the understanding. He is out in the principle of his argument, and is particularly unhappy in his illustration. Two men mistake a pamphlet, lying on top of a book in a shop window, for a thick volume, not by the delusion of the senses, but by want of sufficient examination: ergo, *table moving*, which is seen by the senses, *is*, not *may be*, a delusion. If the editor of the *London Leader* should *thoroughly* study philosophy, which he stupidly affects to have outgrown, he would—always supposing him by nature capable of close reasoning—be fortified against such ridiculous blunders.

The book mentioned—"Table-turning and Table-talking"—seems, at a glance, to promise much, and might make a valuable number of your series of publications.

VIATOR.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRITS.

PROSE AND POETRY.

WOODSTOCK, *July* 31, 1853.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

Two weeks ago the angels came for our little Frankie, residing with his mother in Western New York. The turf reposed over his "dust" ere the tidings of his departure reached me. On returning from the grave, his mother's hand was moved to write the following, from the spirit who is charged with the development of our "*angelic trio*" in the Spirit-world.

"I see the strong desires you feel to know how your dear, sweet Frankie was received in the Spirit-world. It is indeed a pleasant task for me to speak to you on this point. Long before his sweet spirit left the body, many bright angels hovered over him to lend their influence in soothing his pains, and lighting up the dark valley which they saw he must inevitably soon pass. His spirit-brothers, who departed long before him, were nearest, and, let me assure you, it was a scene in which I could not be indifferent. The moment his spirit was released, it mounted up on wings as it were, and we all began our song of praise that one more had been born into this glorious kingdom. His little spirit seemed lost for a time at what he saw, but soon he began to see the glory which surrounded him, and he was filled with joy and happiness unspeakable. He seemed to know his spirit-brothers, and roams with them through infinite space, to admire and adore the handiwork of our Creator. It will take a little time to develop him so that he will understand many things which he sees; but his spirit was so pure and free from the blighting influences of sin, that he was prepared for a higher circle than many who are far in advance of him in age and knowledge. He feels free and happy, but in knowledge and wisdom he has not made much advancement. I shall be his teacher, and soon I shall see him expanded to the size of a full-grown spirit, and infinitely more advanced in wisdom and love than the most learned and angelic spirit that yet inhabits the mortal body. Dear sister, you felt his spirit in the silent night watches—you were not mistaken, for he loves to linger about you; and when he saw you weep, he wondered why—for he is so filled with joy and happiness that he sees no cause for weeping. Your dear children now form an "*angelic trio*." Oh, how lovely, how blessed are they! Do you, can you, wish them back? I shall try to impress your dear husband with the fact of his departure to the Spirit-world, so the letter will not meet him entirely unprepared."

The same mail which brought the above, brought the following from Miss L. M. Cady, of this place, whose name is not unknown to you.

WOODSTOCK, *July* 23, 1853.

Dear Brother—While I firmly believe your angel boy is *still with you*, and that you will again *hear* from him in his spirit-home—though I know it is *right* that he should pass from earth ere his spotless soul had known aught of the sins and temptations of this alluring world, still I can but shed tears o'er the departure of one so promising. Sympathy for those loved ones who now miss the sweet music of their darling's voice, who view no longer the light of his sunny eyes, causes the silent tear to flow.

But we will not dwell upon him as he *was*, but think of him as he *is*. We will leave the fleeting, transitory things of earth and follow him to that bright land where the flowers of life shall bloom forever; to that home above the blue skies—that land of quiet rest, far from this changing world of ours, where sickness, sin, and sorrow hold their sway. And oh! how sweet to know that there *is* such a home; how *sweet* the word! how full of beauty! strange and sublime—a home of peace and happiness, where no sorrow ever comes, where joy hath no cloud—no anxious fears disturb the spirit's rest, nor shade the angel brow with frowning care—no sickness enters there—no paling of the cheek or dimming of the eye—no wearing pain—no failing step foretelling an early doom—no parting there with those we love—no tearful, saddening farewell; but *there* friends meet in blessed reunion—meet no more to part in that bright home, where the moonbeam hath no cloud and the sun no setting, and the music of golden harps floats gently from the sky forever, and *in* that heavenly abode your darling boy hath found a resting-place—a beautiful bud hath unfolded 'neath the ever-radiant skies of heaven; and now, methinks, I hear his tiny voice chanting hymns of praise with that little cherub band in heaven's high courts. Yes, you shall hear from your little Frankie when you come to Woodstock.

I have lately been newly developed. In fact, this morning was the first I received any intimation of it. I was sitting alone, when a low, silvery whisper broke the silence around me. I started, expecting to see some one, but no visible object was present. I sank back into my chair, and in a few seconds the same low, silvery voice, rang in my ears. It said, "Dearest sister, take the pencil and write what I shall say unto thee." I grasped the pencil and wrote eight verses of poetry—the silvery voice dictating each line as I wrote. Though no name is given, *that* influence was from none other than dear A. The poetry is for you—I was thinking of you before I wrote. This seems to me the most beautiful of *all* I ever experienced. To know that the silvery voice of angel guardians will direct my every action seems too delightful to be realized. Truly the spirit prophecies seem about to be realized, that "Man will soon walk side by side with Angels."

HEAVENLY SOOTHINGS.

Mourning, sorrowing, loving parents,
Lo! the angels sing to thee—
"Weep not, mourn not, that thy darling
From the blight of earth is free.

"Think not vain on heavenly soothings,
Well we know that now thou art
Grieving in the gloom and sadness
Of a bleeding, stricken heart.

"Yet could'st thou but once behold us,
Bright and shining angel bands—
Follow in our starry pathway
To that sweet celestial band—

"Enter *once* the heavenly mansions
Of the freed, the ransomed—blessed—
And behold that little cherub
On his loving Saviour's breast—

"Then the tears would flow no longer,
Then no more would'st mourn thy lot,
But in blissful, heavenly rapture
All thy pain would be forgot.

"Listen! ever now he striketh
On his tiny, golden lyre,
Sweet and softly gushing music
Fraught with deep and holy fire.

"Listen, then, fond sorrowing parent,
Angels whisper soft to thee;
Mourn no more thy little cherub,
Bid thy pain and anguish flee.

"Soon, again, thou'lt meet thy darling
In this home of deathless life—
Here to dwell forever with him
Free from aught of mortal strife."

On arriving in Woodstock yesterday, Miss Cady handed me the following, derived from the same source, in the same manner, and addressed to the mother of Frankie:

Oh, mourn not, fond mother, thy beautiful boy,
He has flown to his home in the bright azure skies,
The angels have taken him home to that land
Where the troubles of earth shall never arise.

His pure spotless spirit is forever removed
From earth's trials and sins—from its sorrows and pains,
And in joy and delight his freed spirit now roams
Through those fields where the sunshine eternally reigns.

Then dry up thy tears, for thy loved one's at rest,
Oh, weep not, oh, mourn not above his cold clay—
It heeds not, it hears not, nor answers your call,
For thy boy is not there—he has flown far away.

'Tis but the fair casket that once held the gem—
That gem that now glistens in heaven's bright home;
Oh, be patient and watchful—you soon shall behold
The glittering spire of that vast golden dome.

And at twilight's sweet hour, when the soft breezes play,
And the dew-drop shall glitter on each leafy bough,
Soft words from thy loved one shall fall on thy ear,
And his warm loving kiss shalt thou feel on thy brow.

Then sink not in sadness—repose not in doubt,
Arise and be doing for those with thee still;
Teach them of that home where Deity dwells,
And instruct their young minds to follow his will.

The above presents in a very pleasing light a few of the bright links in that mysterious chain of sympathy which holds in sweet communion kindred souls in earth and heaven, and binds them to the loving heart of the Spirit-Father.

Yours, for the truth, S. STANLEY.

A SIGNIFICANT VISION.

Some twenty years since, Mr. Morse, toll-gatherer of the bridge which spans the Merrimac and connects "Rock's Village," Haverhill, with the ancient town of Newbury, Mass., announced to his friends that he had seen a vision of such strange and portentous character that it left him with an abiding impression of impending evil. His first communication was with his relatives and most intimate friends, who attempted to persuade him that his vision was nothing more than a troubled dream, induced by some slight physical derangement, and as such unworthy of further thought. But finding all their efforts unavailing, and that the impression, instead of gradually fading from his mind, actually grew stronger, the pastor of the Calvinistic Baptist Church, of which Mr. Morse was a zealous and worthy member, was consulted. The pastor remonstrated, reasoned, and prayed with him, but still the dark shadow deepened on his mind—still

"The grim specter rode fast by his side."

I suppose that at the present time, when the Church seems to be devoting all her energies for the suppression and utter putting down of every thing purporting to emanate from another world, unless it be at least eighteen hundred years old, would be horror-stricken at the very idea of admitting a layman into the *sacred* desk for the purpose of relating Spiritual experience. But whether the Church has grown harder, more material, and more intolerant during the past twenty years, or whether the branch at East Haverhill was less flinty in its Calvinism, and still retained some lingering idea of Spiritual existence, I know not. At all events this Church readily granted Mr. Morse permission to mount the pulpit and narrate his wondrous experience to the assembled congregation.

I was quite young at the time; but I distinctly remember the solemn occasion when, before a large and hushed audience, Mr. M., in simple but clear and earnest language, declared the mysterious vision that passed before him. The following is the condensed substance of his narrative:

He was sitting at the door of his house about the middle of an autumn afternoon. The sun was shining brightly over the broad expanse of meadow, and on the dancing waters of the beautiful river flowing between, when suddenly the light became obscured, and thick darkness settled over the scene. For a brief interval the darkness was so great that he could discern nothing, not even the nearest objects; but it gradually gave place to a lurid, yellow glare, partaking of neither day nor night, and attended with a stillness that was awfully oppressive. As the toll-gatherer sat entranced by this wild scene, he heard, swelling out on the silence, the notes of a trumpet. The sound was familiar, it was the signal-horn of an approaching vessel, and he must rise and raise the draw for her passage. But vain were his efforts, he was spell-bound to his seat. Again and again the horn pealed louder and nearer, and now, looming above the bordering trees, appeared the bellying topsails of the swift-coming vessel; and mingled with the frequent trumpet-blasts came other sounds, and familiar. There could be no mistaking the clank of those great chains or the harsh screaming of those reluctant hinges. Somebody was raising the draw!

"I turned," said Mr. M., "and looked toward the draw, which was slowly rising, and distinctly saw turning the great key the exact figure and likeness of myself! Horror-stricken, I watched the operation of my phantom self. When the draw was about half raised, the specter suddenly ceased winding, the awful pallor of death spread over the features, and the figure fell heavily upon the bridge. In an instant the scene changed—the apparition, the vessel, the darkness, all disappeared together; the sun was shining brightly, and all looked the same as before the passage of the fearful panorama."

The following paragraph, which appeared in the *Essex Gazette*, about six weeks later, gives the sequel of the vision:

We regret to learn that Mr. Morse, toll-gatherer at Rock's Bridge, died almost instantly yesterday morning, while in the act of raising the draw for the passage of schooner —— of Thomastown, Me. It is supposed that in fitting the ponderous key he ruptured a blood-vessel.

We understand that Mr. M. had a singular vision a few months since, in which every particular attending his death was faithfully represented. It is also stated that when wakened from slumber yesterday morning by the signal-horn, he told his wife that he recognized the tones as the same he heard in the vision."

I have no doubt, Messrs. Editors, that all that remain of those who lived at East Haverhill at the time will readily corroborate the foregoing statement. Truly yours, M. F. W.

We are assured that the preceding narrative has "the merit of being strictly true." The writer will accept our thanks, and favor us again at his convenience.—ED.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1853.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

AN EXPLANATION.—Our Patrons are respectfully informed that the subscription and mail books of the TELEGRAPH are left entirely to the care of our mailing clerk, and consequently *the proprietors themselves do not know at what particular time the subscription of any one of their patrons may terminate*. Moreover, the business of the office is so managed that when a subscription expires the name no longer appears before the person who writes the wrappers. The reader is requested to accept this as an explanation for any seeming abruptness which may characterize the discontinuance of the paper.

ADVERTISING.—The Publishers will insert a limited number of advertisements as circumstances will permit, always providing, the subject to which it is proposed to invite public attention is deemed compatible with the spirit and objects of the paper. All advertisements must be paid for *in advance*, at the rate of 12½ cents per line, for the first insertion, and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

ALL ORDERS FOR BOOKS AND PAPERS—Except from those wholesale dealers with whom we have open accounts—should be accompanied with the cash. When books are to be sent by mail, the remittance should be sufficient to cover the postage, otherwise the purchaser is required to pay double at the place of delivery.

"TALK ON 'CHANGE."

Under this head the *New York Herald* of Monday last has the following:

"Surprise was expressed at the manifesto of Judge Edmonds on Spiritual Rappings. None doubted the sincerity and good intentions of the Judge, or that he really and fully believed what he asserted; yet the credibility of his creed appeared none the stronger by his statements, to which his book could give no additional strength. However numerous disciples were found elsewhere, very few, if any, were found among merchants who attend 'Change. If there were any of the Judge's stripe among them they were unknown. Their minds were too much occupied with the stern and practical realities of life, requiring the constant exercise of good common sense, to find time to indulge in idle dreams, or in the vague theories of intangible nonentities."

With the Editor's permission we have the following brief chapter to add to the *Herald's* catechism, hoping that those who go "on 'change" will receive the lesson.

Ques.—Why may not the forthcoming book by Judge Edmonds strengthen the credibility of his spiritual views?

Ans.—Because the *Herald* has decided beforehand that Spiritualism in all its phases is absolutely *incredible*.

Ques.—Why were there but few Spiritual disciples "on 'change?"

Ans.—Because they do not sacrifice to the gods of Wall Street.

Ques.—What are "the stern and practical realities of life?"

Ans.—"The stern realities" are the unyielding demands of avarice, and the really "practical" things are *good bargains*.

Ques.—What is "good common sense?"

Ans.—The sense which rejects all the facts in the world's experience that do not support our creed and chime in with our interest.

Ques.—What are "idle dreams?"

Ans.—The evidence of other men's senses.

Ques.—What is implied by "vague theories?"

Ans.—Such as we don't choose to entertain.

Ques.—What are "intangible nonentities?"

Ans.—Things not to be entered at the custom-house or on a merchant's ledger.

Ques.—Why is Judge Edmonds not competent to judge of the facts and evidence before him, touching the Spiritual Manifestations?

Ans.—(*implied by the Editor of the Herald*) Because he does not arrive at the same conclusion which we do, who did not witness the facts and will not regard the testimony.

We desire to impress the class with this consideration: Possibly Spiritualism and the views of the Judge may merit attention though they have no place in the "Stock Market," and are held at a discount by the servants of Mammon. It is probable, moreover, that those who appear "on change" in New York, think about as much of the subject generally, as the money-changers in the Temple thought of the Spiritualism of Jesus.

RHENISH BELGIAN GALLERY.

We have had decided pleasure in a brief inspection of a fine collection of paintings by German and Belgian artists, under the above title, just opened in the rooms of the Academy of Design, Broadway, opposite Bond Street. The collection embraces 132 pictures, most of them of cabinet size, and all strongly marked with the characteristics that define those schools—schools standing in the foreground of modern art. Those who are versed in the progress of fine art hardly need an explanation of characteristics to understand the style and spirit of the Gallery under notice; to such as are not posted, we may say that the Belgian and German schools of painting are particularized by rare fidelity in minute representation, great naturalness in grouping, simplicity of subject, clearness and harmony of color, and generally correct drawing. If any thing is wanting it is breadth and freedom of outline. This is found more in the works of the Dusseldorf artists.

There are a few large pictures in the "Rhenish Belgian Gallery," but they are by no means the most meritorious or striking. Some of them, however, are excellent. We may instance "Higher Laws in Nature," by Jaspers, a scene illustrative of various material transformations; "Storm in Summer," by the same artist; "The Harpers' Night Quarters;" a fine sunset view of Lake Maggiore, including the Borromean Islands, a picture to be long studied; a "German Office in Summer," and one or two others. Over many of the cabinet pictures we could linger for hours. Several of them are exquisite—real gems, both in the quality of their sentiment or humor, and the manner of its expression. A number of the cleverest pieces are of a humorous character. "The Last Cherry" is a capital hit of this class. "The Old Poulterer" has points—the Poulterer's head and the game lying before him, for instance—of rare merit. A small landscape, with sheep and goats, is a gem. The "Neapolitan Fisherman and his Girl," bating the semi-indigo sky, will bear study. But we might go on until the whole catalogue was exhausted, and extend our commendation to columns, had we time and space, without exaggerating the merits of the Gallery. It is a collection that must please the art-loving public, and both please and instruct our artists. Its pictures are so different in character and subject from those of the Dusseldorf Gallery, that the two exhibitions will not be likely to clash interests. At the private opening of the collection, at which we had the good fortune to be present, a fine collation was served to the visitors, of whom there were several editors and more clergymen, which appendix was very heartily enjoyed.

MORALS OF THEATERS.

The *Tribune* and several other journals have had quite a controversy respecting the moral character and influence of our theaters, especially those called "minor." The *Tribune*, or rather its correspondent, who has visited all these places, for the special purpose of reporting on their performances, etc., boldly charges most of the theaters with indulgence in systematic practices, the fruits of which are necessarily demoralizing, particularly to the young, by whom they are largely patronized. The plays performed, if not immoral in themselves, are interlarded, as is charged, by the players, with inuendoes, slang, and downright smut, in order to tickle the palate of the vulgar. It is also charged, and we believe it to be a fact, that most of the theaters have "rum-shops" and "galleries for prostitutes" attached, so that the evil passions stimulated by vicious act or speech on the stage, find their natural issue and climax in the accessories above named. There are some exceptions. Niblo's, Burton's, and Wallack's have not these accessories—all the other theaters have. It is notorious, however, that "rum-holes," "gambling-hells," and various other sinks of iniquity find a cover and good market in the vicinity of all the theaters. These facts can not be too seriously pondered. There are a plenty of rational and innocent amusements without resorting to places where buffoonery, blasphemy, and indecency openly display themselves. The legitimate drama is capable of exerting a great and beneficent influence. We have ever paid high deference to the works of Shakspeare and others of his like, believing that noble teachers of morals have seldom, if ever, written. But when the drama, instead of being used to "point a moral," becomes a weapon for the demoralization of society, we set our hands and face against it.

CREDIT.—The spiritual poem entitled A VISION OF DEATH, published in our last number, should have been preceded by the author's name. It was selected from a beautiful volume of miscellaneous poems by THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. We desire to remind our numerous readers that there are more gems in the book from which that was taken. Mr. Read is a worshiper at the shrine of Art, and is now pursuing his studies abroad, where his genius is quickened and chastened by the painted and sculptured forms of the Old World.

Interesting Miscellany.

For the Spiritual Telegraph.

SONG OF THE CONFLICT.

BY I. KERN.

Look up my soul, and gird thy armor on,
Stand thou erect, nor fear the coming storm:
Thou standest on the battle-field where glory's to be won,
Where noble spirits, God-inspired, midst jeers or martyrdom,
Proclaim to man, *Be free!*

See hoary wrong, and sin's deep-rooted stain,
Send o'er the earth their ministry of pain;
Whole hecatombs of broken hearts, a heritage of toil
In penury's lap lie doomed; will earth's regenerate soil
Ne'er shout her jubilee?

The clanking chains which gall our wearied hearts,
Bequeathed of yore, through time's eventful march,
Were once of iron made, now wrought of dazzling gold,
The victim to allure, as syrens sung, in midnight old,
Oppression's palmy age.

The morning bright gleams brightly o'er the sea,
The darkness to dispel—our bonds to free,
And in its radiant beams the maelstrom turns back
Its angry tide of death—the tempest stills—the heaven's black
From darkness turns to day.

And in this light, this ever glorious light,
Stand earnest souls all armored for the fight,
To battle down the citadel of crime and hoary wrong,
Though sanctified by priests and kings, and sealed by warriors strong
Through centuries of ill.

And on their lips is truth's resistless might,
And in their hearts the brightest hopes alight,
Their prophet souls, with dauntless faith, yet laboring to save
Earth's prostrate souls from sin and death, and point beyond the grave
To better lands on high.

PHILADELPHIA, *July* 10, 1853.

INCONSISTENCIES OF THE OPPOSITION.

Shame on the man who lets his tongue be tied,
Who will not, dare not, with the truth abide!

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

It is amusing to the friends of Spiritualism who are conversant with its realities, to witness the poor and pitiful shifts to which its opponents are often driven. No man of common sense expected that the heterogeneous mass of individuals who are worshiping at every abominable shrine would appreciate a phenomenon which discountenanced their idols. The apparent ignorance, the unfairness, the detraction, the frequent violation of truth and decency, even by those professing to teach righteousness, are all matters of notoriety; and yet there is one other failing (not to use a harsher term) which oversteps all the rest, viz., a reckless inconsistency which seemingly disregards all consequences. Of this the bigoted clergy for the most part stand convicted by their own confessions. Scarcely do we hear a funeral sermon or read a book or a paper, devoted to sacred subjects, but either directly or indirectly the subject of Guardian Angels and the continued existence of the spirit after death is alluded to. These are some of the strong points on which Spiritualists rest their claim. From time immemorial, and from almost every pulpit, have these doctrines been promulgated; and now that Spiritualists are seeking the fulfillment and realization of these promises, they are accused of every mean and unworthy motive, and even of committing the unpardonable sin!

In illustration of the truth of some of these remarks, a few acts within the writer's own knowledge will be submitted: Soon after the subject of Spiritual Manifestations became matter of interest and inquiry in our community, the village Lyceum took up the subject for discussion. The question was, "Are the Spiritual Manifestations, so called, worthy of credence?" In resorting to good authority for aid in sustaining the affirmative of this question, we happened to stumble on some of the Rev. Orville Dewey's sermons. From these some extracts were made, and particularly from that one entitled, "The Voices of the Dead." This article was read before the Lyceum, notwithstanding the violent efforts resorted to by the orthodox portion of the members to suppress it. As soon as it was concluded, one of the clergy arose and distinctly stated that "The article just read did not meet the question;" and this in the very face of Mr. Dewey's significant and emphatical declaration, viz.: "*The dead have not ceased their communications with the living, although the visible chain was broken.*" Comment would seem to be here unnecessary. From the lips of this very clerical gentleman I have heard, times without number, the Spiritual doctrine preached in all its purity.

Another instance of plain and palpable inconsistency among us is this: One of our clergymen has frequently alluded, in his discourses, to this "delusion," as he calls it, and warned his hearers, *publicly and privately*, to "Touch not; taste not; handle not" this "contaminating humbug;" and yet (will you believe it) this same gentleman sent for a young man who is a partial medium, desiring him to exhibit some Spiritual Manifestations at his house. The young man, although an attendant on his church, thought proper to refuse. This fact (if it be one) I have from the young man himself, whose character for truth and veracity would hardly be questioned.

Should this communication be deemed worthy of publicity in your columns, I will endeavor to furnish some of the facts touching a certain gentleman who is perambulating the country and occasionally vilifying Spiritualism, although he avows himself ignorant on the subject. T. H.

NORTH ADAMS, *July* 19, 1853.

THE GYPSIES.—The origin of the people called Gypsies has long been a subject of various but unsuccessful antiquarian research. In Western Europe they made their appearance early in the fifteenth century, under a leader who styled himself the Duke of Lower Egypt (hence their English name). Fortune-telling and thieving were then, as now, their predominant occupations. They were at all times treated as sorcerers and heathens, and most severe laws were repeatedly enacted against them without effect. At present this singular race may be found on nearly every continent and island, distinct in manners and customs from the people who surround them. In Germany, as well as in England, they profess various trades, as itinerant horse-dealers, smiths, farriers, etc., but have never been reclaimed, in any number, to settled occupations. The Gypsies possess a language of their own, and are apparently destitute of religion, but readily submit themselves to outward observances whenever they think it is for their interest.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.—The attention of men of science, in Paris, has been drawn to an extraordinary discovery made in a neighboring department. A grave-digger, in throwing up some earth, came upon a body in a state of perfect preservation. On examination it proved to be that of an individual buried thirty-seven years ago. He had died from the effects of a bite of a mad dog. The shroud and the coffin had fallen to the dust, but the body remains intact. This is the third exhumation made within twenty years, of bodies of the victims of hydrophobia, under similar circumstances; and it would seem that they are beyond the reach of decomposition. The registry of deaths was consulted, and no mention of the embalmment of the body was found.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

The following communication purports to come from the spirit of Benjamin Franklin, through the mediumship of H. J. Churchman, of Wilmington, Del. It presents some ingenious thoughts, of the truthfulness or untruthfulness of which our readers will judge for themselves.—ED.

This phenomenon of nature has long been the subject of speculation among philosophers on earth. I will now endeavor to set the matter at rest, by giving what I know to be the truth about it. There is a stream of electricity constantly passing from the direction of the south pole toward the north pole. This current extends, like a wide belt, many miles above the surface of the earth, and is many miles in breadth. I would say here, parenthetically, that this current arises in various parts of the earth, and is gradually drawn by the attraction of the principal stream into the general mass. This electricity, by the time it reaches the vicinity of the north pole, assumes a different nature, or, rather, its nature becomes changed. It is now much more refined, and its luminous appearance takes place. This is caused by the rapid change of place which takes place among the electric particles in process of refinement; and the more refined the substance becomes, the more luminous are its particles. The grass electricity of earth is without this luminous appearance. It is after it becomes magnetism that it takes its bright appearance; for electricity and magnetism are the same in different stages of refinement.

I will now pursue the subject further. This current of electricity, after it reaches the north pole and becomes magnetism, becoming more and more refined, is finally rendered too much so to affect the vision of mortals. Its current is now directed toward the south pole, and is gradually elevated, and flows off in a continuous current into the fields of immensity, and forms the atmosphere of the Spirit-world. This refined atmosphere is more or less diffused throughout the atmosphere of earth, and forms the nourishment of the Spiritual principle in man, being inhaled by his spiritual lungs. It also enables the angels to descend to earth on their missions of love. The electricity which forms the original current is generated in the bowels of the earth in the form of water. This water, being operated on by the sun's rays, and by other influences, receives another nature and becomes atmospheric air. And this air is in like manner converted into that more material light which illuminates the outward universe; and this again into electricity, and this electricity becomes magnetism, and this magnetism a spiritual atmosphere. This theory, if theory it may be called, which is absolute truth, will no doubt be caviled at by many, but that will not make it any thing else but the truth.

TO THE MEDIUM.—I see you would like to know something more about the formation of this electric current. I will try to make it a little plainer to you; but the subject is very intricate, and it would require a deeply philosophic mind, such as you have but few on earth at present to comprehend it fully. This current is much affected in its direction by the different motions of the earth, and by the influence of the other planets on the earth and its atmosphere. It is also continually changing its locality, though its direction is always the same. And that part of the earth's surface which lies immediately under this current of electricity is colder than other places of the same latitude. And after the current becomes magnetism, and changes its direction from north to south, that portion of the earth lying under it is *warmer* than other places of the same latitude. This accounts for the change of climate in different countries. A certain country, in one age of the world, may have a mild and salubrious climate, and in another it may become very different. But these changes are so very gradual, that they have never yet been noticed to any great extent by the inhabitants of earth.

WRESTLING WITH A SPIRIT.

The *Spiritual Era*, a paper published at Ripley, Ohio, contains a letter from an old correspondent of ours, from which we extract the following remarkable facts:

Some time last winter an old friend called on Doctor J. A.'s family to spend an evening with the rappers. The doctor had a large pile of wood hauled up for winter use; he went out to cut some large sticks to make the room comfortable while sitting; he found several large ones he wished to cut, but was unable to move them—other sticks were piled across, and piled upon them in such a manner that he gave it up as a hopeless job. He, more in joke than otherwise, said, "The Spirits can throw them down;" to which his friend replied, "I should like to see that done, for that would convince me." The Doctor called to his little daughter, only ten years of age, who is a medium, and told her if she would call on her Spirit-friends, and get them to roll down those sticks, he would make her a present. She placed her fingers lightly on one or two of the logs; her father then called on them to roll down the sticks, in imitation of the power of Spirits that rolled away the stone from the mouth of the sepulcher. The logs and wood were made to shake and move, and in a short time, not more than five minutes, the sticks were rolled and moved ready for the ax.

At another time several friends had come together to witness the strange power that seemed to be at work at the house of Brother J. A. While the rapping was going on, one of the company denounced the whole thing, said he did not believe it was Spirits, or if it was, they could not rap and move tables, etc. And he defied and dared the Spirits, saying he could throw down or whip any Spirit. The Doctor then inquired of the Spirit that was rapping at the time if he could wrestle; he said he could. The Spirit was then asked if he was willing to wrestle and show fight with that gentleman; he said he was. The brave man then told the Spirit to follow him out into the yard, and started; all the circle rising from the table, when it commenced moving toward the man, rose from the floor and hit him several hard blows before he reached the door, which hastened his steps; and as he passed out, the table, or rather stand, was thrown at him, only missing him a little, striking the door facing about midway, denting and scarring the facing, bursting off the top of the stand, breaking the legs, splitting the upright post, leaving indentations as though bullets and shot had been fired into it, the medium not touching it, only following close after, and out into the yard, where the spirit-fighter had arrived unhurt.

But now commenced a new struggle: he began striking, jumping as though he was contending with flesh and blood, manifesting all the signs of determined bravery, and to fight it out to the last. He was several times thrown hard on the ground, then struggled and regained his feet, and down he would come again. This mode of testing the invisibles continued until the Spirit's adversary was sorely wounded, and worried out of breath and physical strength. He finally regained his foothold and made a hasty retreat into the house up a flight of stairs, taking to himself a private room, closing the door after him, "declaring that he never wanted to fight Spirits any more, and that if they would let him alone he would let them alone;" the Spirit not pursuing a fleeing foe, for I presume they are too noble for that. Thus ended the contest between a man in the flesh and one out of it.

I will leave your readers to digest this strange occurrence for themselves; and if any person should call in question the facts in the case, I can give the names in full, time and place, and of the whole matter on that occasion. So I subscribe myself, yours, in the bonds of love and truth,

PURDY, *June 19th*, 1853. S. D. PACE.

AN EMPEROR'S PRAYER.—The following prayer of Joseph, Emperor of Germany, is from an old German work, under the title of *Joseph Gebetbuch*—the Emperor's Prayer Book—and might be profitable for consideration by some modern Emperors and other intolerants:

O, thou eternal, incomprehensible Being! who art the foundation of mercy and the source of love! The sun lights equally the Christian and the Atheist; thy showers equally nourish the fields of the believers and of the infidels; the seed of virtue is found even in the heart of the impious and the heretic. From thee I learn, therefore, that diversity of opinion does not prevent thee from being a beneficent Father unto all mankind. Shall I, then, thy feeble creature, be less indulgent! Shall I not permit my subjects to adore thee in whatever manner they please? Shall I persecute those who differ from me in point of thinking! Shall I spread my religion with the point of my sword! O, thou, whose mighty power and ineffable love embraces the universe, grant that such erroneous principles may never harbor in my breast. I will try to be like thee, as far as human efforts can approach infinite perfection. I will be as indulgent as thou to all men whose tenets differ from mine; and all unnatural compulsion, in point of conscience, shall be banished forever from my kingdom.

"Where is the religion that does not instruct us to love virtue and detest vice! Let all religions, therefore, be tolerated. Let all mankind pay their homage to thee, thou eternal Being! in the manner they think best. Does an error in judgment deserve expulsion from society! And is force the proper way to win the heart, or bring the swerving mind to a true sense of religion! Let the shameful chains of religious tyranny be parted asunder, and the sweet bonds of fraternal amity unite all my subjects forever. I am sensible that many difficulties will occur to me in this bold attempt, and that most of them will be thrown in my way by those very persons who style themselves thy ministers; but may thy almighty power never forsake me!

"O, thou eternal and incomprehensible Being! fortify my holy resolution with thy love, that I may surmount every obstacle, and let that law of our Divine Master, which inculcates charity and patience, be always impressed upon my heart. Amen."

HOW THEY ARE KNOWN.

The following fragment of conversation was overheard the other day, on board a steamboat:

"I met Lord Ellesmere and his party at Niagara, the other day. I knew the ladies were persons of distinction the moment I saw them, because they wore no jewelry, nor any other ornament whatever!"

Nothing could be sounder than such a foundation for such an opinion. Many and many a time, in Europe, we have seen Americans ridiculed for their vulgar propensity to put all their finery on in traveling. Well-bred English people, the richest and noblest in the land, travel in a dress which the most ordinary American would be ashamed of; and when fine clothes and jewelry are seen on such occasions, the universal conclusion is that the wearers are American—though they sometimes happen to be vulgar English. There are Americans, we know, who form exceptions to the general rule, and more of them from the South than the North; but the practice is quite common enough to make it a national characteristic.—*Piedmont Whig.*

THE SPIRITS IN SYRIA.—The Sheik Bechir is a personage of acquirements; he has a store of history and literature; his conversation is superior to that of his countrymen, and he has, to complete the superiority, the fame of a wonder-worker, and the advantage of interview with the spirits of another world! Who can resist such proofs of power as these? He will place a jug between the hands of two persons sitting opposite to each other, which, on the recital of certain passages taken indiscriminately from the Koran and the Psalms of David, will move spontaneously round, to the astonishment of all beholders! A stick, at his bidding, will move unaided, from one end of a room to the other! A New Testament suspended from a key by a string, will turn violently round of itself! An egg boiling in the saucepan will be made to spring suddenly out of the water, and be carried to a considerable distance! A double-locked door will unlock itself! But the following trick seems to us the strangest of all. On two earthenware jars being placed in opposite corners of a room, one empty and the other filled with water, the empty jar, on the recital of certain passages, will move across the room—the full jar will of itself pour its contents into the empty one, which will return to the place whence it came!—*Churchill's "Mount Lebanon."*

MAMMOTH REMAINS.—The Niles (Mich.) *Republican*, of the 9th instant, relates that during an afternoon of last week they were shown a fragment from an enormous jaw, which had just been found about five feet from the surface of the ground by a man residing in Wayne township, Cass County (about fourteen miles east of this). In the jaw was a grinder which measures seven inches in length, and four inches across the top. The portion found—which is evidently but a small portion of the whole jaw—weighs four and a half pounds. The point of a large tusk was also found, some eighteen inches long, partly petrified, the balance showing most beautiful ivory. These natural curiosities are now in possession of R. Porter, Adams County, Ind., who intends to take them to the World's Fair. Some five years since, a portion of the jaw of the same animal was found near the same place, which weighed upward of eighty pounds; also, a rib as long as a common scythe, which grew in the animal edgewise.

ANCIENT.—A human skeleton was recently found imbedded in a rock on the line of the Cincinnati, Wilmington, and Zanesville Railroad. A small fissure in the rock of about two inches in width opened to the resting-place of these remains, which, in all human probability, may have been deposited there centuries ago. The rock contained an indentation of the greater part of the body, as perfect as though molded of potter's clay. From the hip to the foot, particularly, this sarcophagus was as complete as carving could have made it. The proportions, curvatures, etc., of the limb were distinct and regular, and indicated that the skeleton had been that of a person of full size. The editor of the Zanesville *Times* saw the skeleton, and the rock from which it was taken. The bones were in a good state of preservation.

"Oh, deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings;
Let high Philosophy control,
And sages calm, the stream of life—
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul."

CAMPBELL.

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